THE MEDICAL MISSIONARY

VOL. XIV MAY, 1940 NO. 5

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THE
MEDICAL MISSIONARY
WASHINGTON, D. C.

SISTER M. TIMOTHY, S.C.M.M.
Editor

Published monthly except July and August by The Society of Catholic Medical Missionaries, Inc., Brookland, Washington, D. C., in the interest of Medical Missions and Women of the Orient.

United States: Medical Mission House
Box 4405
Brookland, Wash., D. C.

England: Medical Mission House
98 Thornbury Road
Osterley, Middlesex

Holland: Medical Mission Sisters
Cauwer Beeklaan, 54
Heerlen, Holland

SUBSCRIPTION:
$1 per year; $5 for 6 years.

Entered as second class matter, September 11, 1928, at the Post Office of Washington, D. C., under the Act of March 3, 1879.

ACROSS THE PAGES. . . .

FATHER HAGSPIEL, Mission Editor of *The Christian Family*, has been a zealous promoter of interest in the Cause of St. Gemma Galgani in this country. "The Passion Flower of Lucca" presents a brief biography of a saint canonized this month.

DURING THIS month dedicated to Our Lady, Father Roach, pastor of Our Lady of Mt. Carmel Church, Thurmont, Md., makes a special plea for "more men and more women who will preach and practice those divine lessons which Our Lord has left to us on the subject of happiness, the only happiness which is really worthwhile."

MR. STOFFEL, S.J.—he will be "Father Stoffel" next month—has spent three years in the Philippines, teaching in the high school department of the Jesuit college of Manila. And like all missionaries, he is looking forward to returning as soon as his studies have been completed.

DR. HATTEMER gives us another vivid account of "medical sightseeing" in the Orient. This month she takes us through a tuberculosis sanitarium in Japan.

MISS PRESTON was winner of first prize in the essay contest on "The Medical Mission Vocation," sponsored by our Society last year. She was enrolled at that time at St. Vincent Academy, Newark, N. J.

"COBWEBS AND CAVITIES" might also be called, "Dentistry in Dacca!" Sister Cecilia, now stationed at Dacca, India, has written several letters since beginning mission work, but this is her first article—maybe because it was her first toothache!

"Tu Es Sacerdos in Aeternum"

The Medical Mission Sisters extend to His Eminence, Dennis Cardinal Dougherty, most heartfelt congratulations on the occasion of his Golden Sacerdotal Jubilee on May 31.

May God grant His Eminence continued health and strength and many more fruitful years as shepherd of the flock of the Archdiocese of Philadelphia.

The Medical Mission Sisters owe a special debt of gratitude to His Eminence for the part taken by His Eminence in the encouragement of the foundation of the Society, and in the subsequent obtainment of the Church's approval of the purpose of the Society.

On two occasions, in 1929 and again in 1935, His Eminence presented memoranda to the late Holy Father, Pius XI, asking that Sisters be allowed to help women and children in *all* their medical needs, including obstetrics, and mentioning the dependence of Mohammedan women and others on medical aid by women doctors, the great maternal and infant mortality in mission countries, the widespread medical mission activities of Protestants.

On the Feast of Our Lady of Lourdes in 1936, the late Holy Father deigned to grant the permission—which was an innovation. It opened up wide fields of charity to Religious women, and was the dawn of better days for innumerable women and their families in India, Africa, China and other mission countries. The permission was promulgated by the Sacred Congregation of Propaganda Fide in an *Instruction* which, in part, read as follows:

> **"The Governments of those countries are taking an interest in this problem, and non-Catholic sects are giving great attention to it. Some Governments demand that nurses obtain a special diploma before permitting them to engage in this work in hospitals....**
>
> **"This Sacred Congregation has studied the question at length, and, after obtaining certain necessary faculties from the Holy Father, acting in accord with the Sacred Congregation for Religious, believes it opportune to issue... rules and instructions.**
>
> **"This Sacred Congregation would like to see new religious institutes for women founded who will dedicate themselves principally to health work, making due provision for the necessary safeguards. These institutes must be founded and developed *ad normas juris communis*....**
>
> **"These new duties demand a proper technical and spiritual preparation. The Sisters should obtain certificates as doctors or nurses. Above all, they should be safeguarded by special spiritual protections which will be determined by the superiors. The religious must see a noble expression of Christian Charity in this delicate service, a charitable work destined to ease bodily misery and to open the way for the grace of the Redemption...."**

His Eminence, Dennis Cardinal Dougherty.

His Eminence expressed his satisfaction at the happy outcome of his efforts in a letter dated August 3, 1936, addressed to Doctor Dengel:

> **"One of the pleasures of my life has been the issuance of the Papal letter regarding maternity and child work by Religious women. I am sure that it must have made all of you happy. It is manifestly the finger of God which brought about the result."**

Our appreciation and gratitude to His Eminence cannot be expressed in words. We must "say it with prayers"—and *action!*—by helping the women and children in mission countries in all their medical needs, including obstetrics!

—Anna Dengel.

Harvest and Harvesters

By

The Rev. Edward H. Roach

FORMING a vital part of our human nature as it does, Religion is something that we cannot simply choose to accept or reject. Even the decision of making religion our life work is not in our hands entirely. For that depends upon whether or not Almighty God has given us a vocation to serve Him in that capacity, since Divine Providence has undoubtedly planned a particular part for each one to play in this many-sided world which He created and in which we find ourselves. We need His help to find out what career He has destined for each one of us, and we can only discover that by means of prayer. If, then, we learn through this means that God in His Infinite Goodness has been kind enough to select us, notwithstanding our own unworthiness, to lead men to know Him and to love Him and to serve Him better, we are indeed honored beyond the power of words to express.

From the beginning of the world, God has appointed men to represent Him on earth, that they might be a continual reminder to mankind that He and He alone is their Creator and Preserver. The fickleness of the minds of men has made this necessary. For God gave to man a free will, and He wants and demands a willing worship. In other words, Almighty God does not force Himself upon any of us, but He has put into the soul of every human being an instinctive desire to worship Him. Yet in spite of this innate longing to worship, the ages have proved that man can and has turned against this very natural instinct and failed in the observance of that worship. For either he has worshipped false gods, or he has worshipped the true God in a false manner, or he has refused to worship at all.

For this reason, then, God calls certain ones to be His spokesmen on this earth, and to these He gives a very special calling which is properly termed a divine vocation. Look for a moment in the Old Testament and see how God raised up patriarchs and prophets to call the people to do His bidding. When the people refused to listen, they were punished, to show that these men were speaking in the name of God and with the sanction of God. Thus has God used men to communicate His wishes to His creatures. To Moses He gave the Ten Commandments, so that the people may know how God wants them to live, and on many other occasions there has come down to us through the centuries the voice of God through the ministrations of man.

In other words, God does not reveal Himself to each individual personally, but through those upon whom He has placed the sanction of His name. It is not then solely through our own desires that we are to know if Almighty God wants us to represent Him and speak for Him. God Himself will so influence our minds and hearts that we will be able to recognize His Will as regards the disposition of our lives.

And what a privilege it is to be the herald of God's law to the nations of the earth. "How beautiful on the mountains are the feet of him that bringeth good tidings and that preacheth peace; of him that showeth forth good, that preacheth salvation, that saith to Sion: Thy God shall reign" (*Isaiah* lii:7). How cherished a favor to be the bearer of the olive branch of peace to a world deluged in sin; to be appointed by heaven to proclaim a Gospel which brings glory to God and peace to men; that Gospel which strengthens the weak, converts the sinner, reconciles enemies, consoles the afflicted heart and holds out to all the hope of eternal salvation.

And how much the worldly-minded of today need just such men and women to show them God and point out to them the necessity of religion in their lives. It is said that when St. Augustine first proposed to preach to the British, objection was made by some of the Thanes. At the Council assembled by the King, one of the Thanes, addressing His Majesty, said: "We see the swallow enter one window, flit across the room, and go out the other; we know not whence it comes or whither it goes. So is the life of man; we see him flit across the world; we know not whence he came or whither he goes. If this missionary can tell us whence we come or whither we go, let us listen to his words." And we know with what wonderful results St. Augustine converted England. But today we find just as many skeptics in the world around us who need other Augustines to remind them of their origin and their destiny.

What this world needs is more men and more women who will preach and practice those divine lessons which Our divine Lord has left to us on the subject of happiness, the only happiness which is really worth while. What God's Church needs is more men and women who will use their God-given talents to help in spreading the Kingdom of Heaven upon earth, who will relinquish their family ties and go into a far-away land among strange people and odd customs to bring the sweet doctrine of Christ's love to the heathen, who will spend and be spent in carrying on the work of the Apostles and in

(*Continued on page* 85)

A Student Looks At It

"The Medical Mission Vocation"

The prize-winning essay in the contest on that subject sponsored by the Medical Mission Sisters last year.

By
MARIE E. PRESTON

"And into what city soever you enter . . . heal the sick that are therein, and say to them: The kingdom of heaven is nigh unto you." What an excellent opportunity the medical mission field of today offers those willing to heed this command of Christ! "Heal the sick"—a precept which Christ Himself exemplified by cleansing the lepers and curing the paralytic—such is indeed a divine work of mercy, a most fruitful means of bringing to countless souls a belief in the true God. This tradition of Holy Mother Church, which found expression likewise in the lives of the Apostles, is still powerful and practical in breaking down prejudices and winning the confidence of those in darkness. Every Catholic hospital in the Far East is a rich source of numberless conversions, a vestibule to Heaven. To the suffering poor of foreign lands it is a concrete evidence of the spirit of Christ, who was truly a "Physician of bodies" as well as a spiritual Doctor.

And yet, although the spiritual advantages of such a work are so great as to be beyond human calculation, the saddest void in the entire mission system is the lack of laborers. Since the increase in the personnel of the missions does not keep pace with conversions, missionaries are all too few. In December, 1922, Pioneer Maryknoll Brothers wrote from a Catholic Mission at Yeungkong, China: "A Sister with a knowledge of medicine would be a godsend. Owing to Oriental ideas prevalent we can do nothing for women who are seriously sick. With a Sister, this would all be changed." Such an appeal, one among many of its kind, gives ample proof of the pressing need for the medical mission sister.

Our late Pontiff, who was most interested in the cause of Christ in the Orient, recognized this need and pleaded for greater enthusiasm in medical mission enterprises. With the words that represent the crystallization of Catholic tradition our Holy Father put into modern language the teaching of Christ. From the Vatican he wrote, "The light of science should accompany the missioners."

All over the world strong men and gentle women have given their lives to Christ by nursing the sick and the suffering for whom He died. Since laboring among strange people in a foreign land is a difficult task at best, imagine how a serious illness unattended would add to that hardship! Medical aid is of such invaluable service to the missionaries that one priest, after several visits to the Orient wrote: "Never did I realize the utter helplessness of the missionary when physical need comes upon him. I am positively sure that hundreds of our laborers would be alive today if they had had ordinary and efficient medical service."

The need of the medical missions is the need of suffering humanity, suffering often because of the cruelties practiced at the instigation of Satan, who rules in pagan lands. What a crown of glory awaits the one who lightens the burden of these unhappy victims! A call to the medical mission field is a challenge to supreme adventure, an exciting exercise of true Christian charity. By it the powers of religion and of medicine are united, and mutually they assist each other in winning the Orient's teeming millions to the Kingdom of Christ.

(*Continued from page* 84)

fulfilling the blessed hope of our Holy Father in the cause of Catholic Action.

"Blessed are the poor in spirit (that is to say, those whose spirit is detached from the fragile goods of the world), for theirs is the Kingdom of Heaven." Such a doctrine makes this world a veritable heaven on earth. But such a doctrine must be lived and such a doctrine must be preached, that men may never forget their place in the world and their relationship to God. God must have His spokesmen to impress upon man his duties to God and to his fellow men. Blessed is he to whom God gives this noblest calling of all, the vocation to be His representative on earth, and thrice blessed is he who is faithful to that calling until death!

A Tuberculosis Sanitarium In Japan

By

MARGARET HATTEMER, M.D.

"We have 1,200 beds for tubercular patients in this hospital," our guide told us, and then added quite matter-of-factly, "and a new institution with 2,000 beds is soon to be erected." Thus with a suddenness that was as graphic as it was startling, we realized that tuberculosis in Japan presented a mammoth problem, indeed.

Doctor Dengel and I were making a round of clinics and hospitals during our stay in Tokio, and this large Municipal or State T. B. Sanitarium had been our first stop. The young doctor who received us had studied in America, the head physician had learned to speak English perfectly in Japan itself, and with the language problem solved, and interest thus aroused, we prepared for a thorough tour of the institution.

The sanitarium consisted of a number of buildings, all of wood except the most recent additions, erected in pavilion style. The individual houses were connected by covered walks.

Interior decoration was, as far as possible, Japanese. The floors were covered with Japanese mats—the *tami* (of course, we had to take off our shoes before entering the buildings!). Beds were used in accordance with occidental customs, however, and in the private room for physicians, as well as in the library, we found tables and chairs. I might mention that physicians, nurses and servants were all natives. The medical instruments, as far as I could discover, were mostly imported from America, as, e. g., the X-ray apparatus.

In the recreation room for the patients, the native note was reverted to. The little cushioned benches were on a level with the floor, as were the miniature tables on which a game similar to chess was played. Japanese national history was everywhere portrayed in the pictures on the wall. A portrait occurring with special frequency was that of the Emperor Nutsuhita, who, with much energy and prudence, began some fifty years ago to open Japan to the civilization of the Occident.

What was the attitude of the patients toward the sanitarium? According to our guide, they were quite happy to be admitted; first, because one ill of tuberculosis is not readily welcomed into the family circle on account of the danger of infecting others; and secondly, because life in one's family is very difficult and uncomfortable. Oftentimes one room serves as both living and sleeping quarters for many members of a family.

A curious development in the effort to minimize the danger of contracting the disease, to which the Japanese at present seem to have but little resistance, was the wearing of masks. These were rather ugly affairs which were worn over the nose and mouth, not only by those who cared for the patients in the sanitarium, but even by ordinary folk on the streets.

We saw the mask for the first time on a Japanese school child in Northern China. Our sympathies had been aroused at once: The poor tot had had a painful throat operation—but when more and more youngsters appeared in the same guise, we realized that an epidemic of surgery would be rather far-fetched. Both inquiry and experience convinced us that the masks were a protection against the bacillus, which is believed to enter the human organism through the extremely uncomfortable dust of Northern China and Japan. The masks were used also in the reverse sense; i. e., some were wearing them in order to avoid contaminating any objects lying before them.

I must say, we found these accessories entirely unsuitable, not only from the viewpoint of their unesthetical appearance, but even of usefulness. The physicians themselves discouraged their use, for they are not only uncomfortable, but also unhealthful if worn over a long period of time, but it did not seem to be in the doctors' powers to do away with them entirely.

An interesting sidelight on the readiness with which this custom, based on science, found a place in the habits of the people, we discovered later during a visit to the Buddhistic Convent Chi-o, at Kyoto in Japan, where we observed a mask on the officiating priest. This dignitary, who carried the offering to the altar after it had been blessed by the abbot, wore a mask which differed from those we had seen on the street only in color. So it would seem that old, deeply rooted religious beliefs formed the basis for the wearing of these masks, and the modern theory of safeguarding against infection was thus very readily accepted.

We also inquired about the diet of the patients and were told that they receive the same good food as is served in the ordinary Japanese families: Delicious rice, boiled in water without milk; vegetables, boiled only a short time; and either fish that may be served raw or otherwise delicately prepared, or poultry meat. A special

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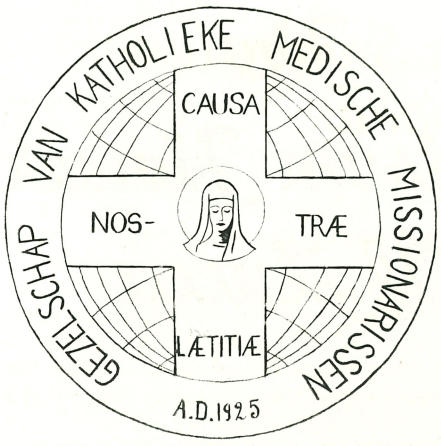


Medische Missiezusters

Heerlen, March 27, 1940
Caumerbeeklaan 54
Postrekening 368190

Dear All of You Across the Water:

Since none of our ordinary mail seems to have reached you, and since it rather seems that you don't know much about us and what we are doing, we are going to send you an account of ourselves—perhaps a very rambling one, but at the same time, one which will, we hope, convey to you some of our joys and make you laugh with us over the many funny things!

Since our first Mass was our real beginning and the highlight of all following events, we shall start from there:

The arrival of the altar was heralded with joy, for it was travelling on the day when there was much transportation of troops and war machinery, and we were afraid that it might "join the army"! We notified the Bishop that we would be ready for our first Mass whenever he was, since the altar had been installed, and rather hoped that he would come in a couple of days, but alas! when we began to make lists of what we needed, we were very glad to receive his reply saying he would come ten days later! Such lists as we made—and then *lists* of the lists!

In preparation for the eleventh of February we had a fine three days' retreat. On the closing day, the Feast of our Lady of Lourdes, we had the dedication to Our Lady, and the postulants felt quite full-fledged! We are literally full to the rafters, now, with three professed sisters and six postulants!

Our Easter day was lovely. There were white roses and calla lilies for the chapel, and our High Mass made it truly festive. Our singers now have real *savoir faire*—they have lived the liturgy of the Church for more than half of the liturgical year (we had all the Holy Week services in our own chapel), and that which remains of the cycle holds no terrors for them.

Easter Monday, too, was a beautiful day. On Tuesday we took a long walk and just incidently looked for a proper place to hold a picnic which we should like to have either on the Feast of the Annunciation or on the Feast of St. Joseph.

Lest you think we do not keep up tradition, let us tell you about one day with many visitors! We have one small room for guests just inside the hall. The library is a little larger, and then only our refectory, hall and the kitchen, which is small, too. The first visitor got the parlor; the second, the library; the third, the refectory; the fourth, the hall; and the fifth, that fortunately turned out to be a postulant-to-be with her brother, had to be asked to kindly come back another time! But that was just the first shift! One sister alone said that though she didn't count, she was certain she had served about eighty-five cups of coffee, twelve dinners and fifteen teas! However, the Lord has blessed us with many chairs and dishes (since our beginnings!), and so we "kom klaar!"

We have two bicycles—Peter and Paul. (Ed. note: But they had better not try to "ride" the honorable "Peter and Paul" in Brookland, D. C.!) We should like to have the whole Apostolic College—or at least the four Evangelists! Sister Madeleine Sophie is learning to ride, and sends word that if you hear a thud, it is probably she who has fallen, not from grace, but from a bicycle. She also sends the following *Bulletin:* SPECIAL! ALL PIONEERS SHOULD BE THIN—AND PREFERABLY COLLAPSIBLE!

Now, I think that is all the news that one envelope will carry. Write when you can and tell us the news from U. S. A.!

In J. M. J.,

THE DUTCH HOUSE, HEERLEN, HOLLAND.

Note: Pictures of the house in Heerlen will be found on page 97 of this issue.

The Passion Flower Of Lucca

By

THE REV. BRUNO HAGSPIEL, S.V.D.

A brief biography of a new Saint—St. Gemma Galgani.

Complete, unconditional surrender . . .

Here, in our own day, we have an exponent of such a one . . . our own model of suffering, St. Gemma Galgani, whom the Holy Father has appointed to be the patroness of druggists, nurses, physicians, of all who are connected with hospitals or with the sick, and also of the sick and the suffering themselves.

We are living in a period of pressing need. It is an age of greater trials, sorrow, and grief than has perhaps ever before been known. The whole world is sick! Poverty, which has ravished mankind for centuries, has taken a strangle hold on not only the physical well-being of struggling humanity, but even more so on the mental and spiritual. Unemployment, that wrecker of the morale of honest men, is eating into the vitals of the world. Tramping feet!—No job. Destitute families, sentenced to death by starvation—*No job!* Endless searching, hoping, trying—*NO JOB!* And *Greed!* Greed, causing one nation to gobble up the other. And Capital, pounding the living daylights out of a Labor that is panting against the ropes. And another snake-in-the-grass: Racial prejudice, rearing its head again, uglier than ever. Youth, just climbed out of the muck of post-war degradation, is plunged head-first into the gruesome depths of another war.

Look around you. Is there not sickness, discouragement, and despair to the right and the left of you? The world is crying out for a Nurse, and Providence has sent us a guiding light, a *gem*, to ransom this modern age. She called herself, "Poor Little Gemma," who brings us comfort. Gemma, together with Blessed Eu phrasia, foundress of the Good Shepherd Order of Nuns, is one of the first saints to be canonized by our present pontiff, His Holiness, Pius XII.

This little "Gem of Christ" lived a life of complete self surrender and self immolation to the will of God. She suffered grievously from sickness and surgical operations; even more from mental and spiritual trials. She felt herself called to be a nun, and made every possible effort to enter a convent. The fact that this, her greatest wish, was never granted, gave her many heart aches. Her great devotion to the Passion of Our Lord won for her the affectionate title of the "Passion Flower of Lucca."

St. Gemma was born in the humble village of Camigliano, on March 12, 1878. She was the eldest daughter, the fourth child, in a good Christian family of seven children. She grew up in Lucca, an old city of beautiful churches and imposing castles. Her father, Enrico Galgani, prosperous pharmacist, moved his family to this city when Gemma was only a month old.

St. Gemma was a child of exceptional intelligence. She was only two years old when she started to go to the Infants' School, conducted by the Vallini Sisters, where she learned simple knitting and prayers.

Her mother, Aurelia, came from the noble Landi family, and was a holy woman. She taught her children the secret of sanctity, and it was to her alone, St. Gemma wrote in her autobiography, that she owed all her knowledge of God and her love of virtue. There was a very close spiritual relationship between mother and daughter, and when Aurelia died in September of 1886, Gemma's grief was so great that her father thought she would also die. However, St. Gemma accepted her mother's death with surprisingly great patience and resignation. Her mother was "in Paradise with Jesus and the angels," and St. Gemma longed to be with her.

Another great sorrow that came to her was the illness and death of her brother, Gino, who had been studying for the priesthood. He was attacked by tuberculosis, the same disease which had taken their mother. St. Gemma stayed with him, knowing the danger to her own health, but caring for him with all the tenderness in her gentle heart. He died, and St. Gemma was bed-

fast for several months. She recovered, only to fall victim to gangrene of the bone. This caused her great pain. She underwent an operation without complaint, her eyes fixed steadily on the crucifix.

She recovered from this illness, also, only to be the victim of still more severe trials. Her father, a generous, trusting man, was an easy prey to other men, who took advantage of his unsuspicious nature. He loaned them money, signed notes for them, and when his tenants did not pay their rent, he did not press them. Long illnesses in the family also took their toll. Then cancer developed in his throat and when he died, St. Gemma's cross was even heavier. His death was a signal for their creditors to swoop down on the grieving, motherless family and take all its possessions, even to the last six *soldi* tucked in St. Gemma's pocket. Now the children were left destitute, with no parents to guide them.

To St. Gemma, poverty was but another opportunity to detach herself from all creatures and to practice unselfishly the love of God. She made many sacrifices willingly, in order that her family might have more.

St. Gemma, always a favorite with her aunts, with whom she spent many vacations before misfortune came, stayed with one of them in Camaiore, until she fled from the suitors who found this beautiful, twenty-year-old woman, the delight of their hearts. St. Gemma preferred poverty and chastity to matrimony. She returned to her brothers and sisters in Lucca.

Soon she fell ill again. Violent pains in her head, in her back, and loins, caused curvature of the spine. She suffered alarming attacks of meningitis, and lost her hearing completely. Large abscesses formed in her head, broke out in her side near the loins. Then her hair all fell out, and her limbs became paralyzed. She was operated upon, treated, but the doctors gave up hope for her recovery, for she was very weak. When she received Holy Viaticum, no one expected her to live through the night, but she lingered. The next day passed, and the next, and many weary months. Then, through the special intercession of Blessed Gabriel, Passionist, she was cured miraculously at the end of a nine-day novena.

Signora Cecilia Giannini, a pious lady, was attracted to the young Saint, and at her instigation, she was adopted into the Giannini household, to be their "twelfth child." Since five of St. Gemma's brothers and sisters had already been attacked by consumption, it was somewhat risky to introduce her into such a large family, but it was God's will, for she went to live with the Gianninis. She accompanied her benefactress to church every day, helped with the many household duties, and nursed the members of the family when they became ill. When Signora Giannini was seized with severe internal pains, St. Gemma offered to suffer in her stead, and when her offer was accepted and the mistress was relieved, St. Gemma nearly died in the intense suffering she had to undergo.

How closely she was united with God can be seen from the fact that she was granted ecstasies and visions, and even the great grace of the sacred stigmata was bestowed upon her. All these extraordinary phenomena, however, were only the cause of more trials for her. St. Gemma tried to hide from others that she was a Victim Soul; that the wounds in her hands and feet and on her head and shoulder, later on, were the marks of her Beloved Bridegroom, the stigmata. Never, in all her life did she forget her mother's words to her when, as a child, she was first told the story of His Passion. . .

"See, Gemma, how our dear Jesus died on the cross for us!"

There remained only her great desire to serve God in a convent. Five times she tried, and when she succeeded in gaining entrance into one, she was sent home again when they learned of her frail health. Heartbroken, yet bending humbly to the will of God, she bore this, one of her greatest trials. Blessed Gabriel had called her his "sister." The Passionist Order was very near and dear to her heart. Yet they could not accept her.

When she fell ill again, her last illness, tuberculosis soon consumed her frail body. She was moved to another dwelling, to prevent the others around her from catching the disease. She asked for no comforts, only a crucifix and a priest when she was dying. Her life of martyrdom came to an end on Holy Saturday, April 11, 1903.

On her death, the Passionist nuns claimed her, dressed her in their habit, and her body lies now in their little convent chapel: . . . "the Passion Flower of Lucca" . . . resting in that city while her Heaven, like the Little Flower's, is being spent in doing good on earth. At her death, St. Gemma was only a year older than the tremendously popular St. Therese of Lisieux.

Cardinal Aidan Gasquet, in the foreword which he wrote to Father A. M. O'Sullivan's biography of St. Gemma, pays a high tribute to the young, modern Saint:

"It would be difficult to find another example of greater efficacy of divine grace in a soul that gave herself so unreservedly to its sweet control. . . . So far as I am personally concerned, no life of a saint in the whole history of the Church has brought me closer to the supernatural and in such measure as the life of Gemma Galgani."

St. Gemma leaves a great message to an ailing world: "After all, everything hinges on complete, unconditional surrender to the will of God." As the model of all sufferers, she speaks in behalf of all who ask for her intercession, urging all her clients to follow her example in this spirit of patient resignation and self-immolation.

Cobwebs and Cavities

By

SISTER M. CECILIA, S.C.M.M., R.N.

There's a time for work, and a time for play—and a time when, however unpleasant the prospect, the dentist must be visited. So it was that I found myself, willy-nilly, at the door of Ram Das, D.D. (or the Indian equivalent).

"This tooth has been bothering me. Would you mind taking a look at it?" There, the deed was done, and I settled myself down miserably to take the consequences, like a prisoner who has surrendered to the enemy without firing a single shell.

The "enemy" gazed profoundly into the recesses of my lower jaw. His judicial tone made me feel that my surrender had not been unwarranted. "Certainly! Yes, it needs filling! I shall come to the hospital and tell you when I am free."

And so for the moment I escaped.

Siesta time a note arrived:

> Will you come to fill your tooth now? I shall be glad if you be pleased to let me know the time.
>
> With best regards,
>
> RAM DAS.

This surprising little missive, which sounded as though the patient had to fill her own tooth, and in addition was expected to acquaint the dentist with the latest in Greenwich time, of course meant neither. It was just a subtle, if somewhat obscure, way of saying, "I, the doctor, am free, and if the tooth cannot come over now, when can it?" The tooth went at once.

The dental office consisted of a room full of table and six men seated on chairs and literally overflowing into the street. All the chairs were more or less broken, but upholstered divans could not have been more appreciated by the "floor-sitters" using them. A thin, six-foot partition separated the "surgery" from the "waiting room." In response to the genial invitation, I ventured in.

The dental chair had been clean—once. So had the little soiled cloth covering the rickety table which held the weapons. Of towel for the patient's neck there was no sign. With a sudden simultaneous jerk of head-rest and neck (mine!) into correct position, the stage was set.

I waited for the initial attack—but not so fast! "Please come and see my instruments boiling. See, they are being sterilized especially for you!" I tried to look "privileged." Once more, head in position—and oh! the cobwebs hanging from the ceiling in such long streamers! And at such a short distance from one's reluctantly gaping mouth! The dirt of ages was caked on the little window, allowing but a modicum of light to seep into the room.

Suddenly it was as dark as night! A huge monsoon cloud had slipped a wet, black finger over the sun, and, incidentally, into the dental cog.

"That tooth will have to be filled," said the dentist, looking as though he were ready to burst into tears.

"Go ahead." After all, I had been preparing for this for months.

"But it is too dark!" His voice was a wail. "I cannot see. Will you wait until the rain ceases?"

A line of waiting duties paraded before me. I returned their salute and gave the verdict accordingly. "I cannot wait here all day."

Ram Das was appeased. "Well, wait a while, and if it keeps on, return tomorrow."

Fifteen minutes passed. The dentist was quite happy. He began to make diligent inquiries into the government of religious communities (was he going to found one?). He mentioned the names of several Sisters whom he had treated, giving their complete dental history. He compared his office—favorably!—with all other dental offices. And he showed no sign of ennui. The rain continued—none of your half-hearted little showers, but a powerful, rushing stream of water. I arose, determined.

Ram Das respected my resolution. He bowed me out, politely. "Well, if you *must* go! Never mind, I will come and call you when the light improves."

Either the light did not improve, or the dentist felt that he had done his bit, for nothing more was heard of him that day. On the morrow, again at siesta time, he appeared to conduct his patient to his office once more.

Again the preliminary jerk—and the vision of cobwebs. Then, with the aid of a B. C. 50 (or was it a B. C. 1000?) foot pedal, some spasmodic drilling began. A pause which developed into an interlude. A bit of fumbling. Then the verdict.

"I cannot fill it."

Had he lost his nerve? True, few Indians here have their teeth filled, and it *is* a tax on one's technique. . . . And so, the tooth was extracted. And now confidence ran high.

"The tooth next to it needs to be filled. I will call you another day for that. I could give you a mouth wash, but I am sure you have one. And a sedative, in case you would not sleep tonight, but no doubt you have something. I shall call this evening and see how you are."

He apparently had doubts about my recovery.

So had I.

Tuberculosis Sanitarium

(*Continued from page* 86)

kind of seaweed also forms an important part of the menu.

This inquiry into the food problem brought out a curious point. The Japanese absolutely refuse milk or milk products. They believe them to be unnecessary and even harmful! Even children do not get any milk once they are weaned. When we asked why it was that the Japanese as well as the Chinese children looked so well and had such big, red cheeks, the physicians could not explain it; they simply said that in spite of their healthy appearance, many of the children had tuberculosis.

We ourselves had seen these big red cheeks only in the Mongolian idiots. Here they are not so much a sign of health as they are simply a constitutional characteristic. I might mention that the normal adult Japanese and Chinese always looks pale, the skin of the latter being somewhat yellower and more tender than that of the former.

The large hospital corridors were subdivided into smaller sections containing three beds each, screened off by wooden partitions which extended towards the center of the hall. Thus the impersonal expression which a large institution almost inevitably gives was removed. We noticed another example of the love, attention and skill with which the Japanese care for their sick: A "movable arm" was fastened to the head of each bed to serve as a very comfortable reading desk, and thus eliminate the very fatiguing effort of holding a book or of sitting upright in bed.

Our visit closed as courteously as it had begun. Two of the physicians offered us their cars for our return to the city—a beautiful sign of Oriental hospitality. And they were filled with regret that we were not able to remain longer, so that we might see a bit of what they called "Old Japan."

R. I. P.

Please pray for the repose of the souls of:

Right Rev. Msgr. Felix F. Kaup, Richmond, Va.
Rev. John Lynch, C.SS.R., Rochester, N. Y.
Mother M. Clement Lynch, Worcester, Mass.
Mother Edith Coman, R.S.C.J., Detroit, Mich.
Sister M. Bonaventure Martin, Hartford, Conn.
Sister M. Dominic Kelly, Hartford, Conn.
Sister M. deSales Walsh, Hartford, Conn.
Sister Mary of St. Benedict Mahedy, Germantown, Pa.
Mrs. Florence Roach, Washington, D. C.
Mrs. Cornelius J. Shea, New London, Conn.
Mrs. Rebecca Leach, Washington, D. C.

Eternal rest grant unto them, O Lord: and let perpetual light shine upon them. May they rest in peace. Amen.

In Memoriam

Rev. John Lynch, C.SS.R.

The Medical Mission Cause lost a good promoter and friend in the Rev. John Lynch, C.SS.R., who died in Rochester, N. Y., on April 12, after celebrating his golden sacerdotal jubilee.

When, about fourteen years ago, the Medical Mission Board of New York asked for a priest-promoter of Medical Missions, the Redemptorist Provincial kindly assigned the task to Father Lynch, who had all the gifts of nature and grace for it.

From his many years of priestly labor in Porto Rico, he knew the need and could—and *did*—speak about it with conviction. He seasoned everything with his stories, which were the delight of all. His store of imagination and humor seemed inexhaustible. He believed in our Society and made no secret of it.

We loved him in life—let us not forget him in death. R. I. P.

Sister Raphael, S.N.D.

On March 21, Sister Raphael, S.N.D., for long years the President of Trinity College, Washington, D. C., passed to her eternal reward.

It is perhaps not generally known that she was a doctor of medicine. As far as our Society is concerned, this was very providential. Very soon after its foundation in 1925, the problem of the pre-medical education of Sister Alma arose. The fact that Sister Raphael was a physician gave Dr. Dengel confidence to lay the hopes and aims of the Society before her, and to ask permission for Sister Alma to take her pre-medical studies at Trinity College. The favor of free tuition was granted in the most gracious and generous manner, and in the course of years many privileges were added.

Sister Alma (who is now the doctor in charge of our hospital in Rawalpindi) has been followed by seven students already, and we hope and pray that Sister Raphael will continue to be patroness of our pre-medical students. She will have a big share in our work in years to come, and having rendered our Society a great and vital service, she will ever be prayerfully remembered as one of our outstanding benefactresses.

May she rest in peace after her long and fruitful labors for God and man.

In Our Library

LETTERS OF FATHER PAGE, *by Gerald M. C. Fitzgerald, C. S. C. Longmans, Green and Co., New York.* 308 *pp.* $2.00. 1940.

Father Fitzgerald in his "Note of Explanation" says that "the letter-form furnished a natural medium for a priest whose friends and spiritual children were being carried far afield by the exactions of time and vocation." The letters are not grouped in any particular order but they cover a wide variety of subjects and contain the personal advice of an experienced director of souls to many problems that some time or other confront most of us on the journey to Eternal Life.

They "find" themselves who seek an aim, a goal that is outside of themselves.—*Russell*, "Christ the Leader."

Some of these letters have been appearing regularly for many years in *Columbia* and *The Far East,* and readers who have eagerly awaited their monthly appearance will now welcome them in permanent form. It would have made for smoother reading had the blanks so generously interspersed throughout the book been omitted, but with this exception, readers will enjoy and, we trust, profit by *The Letters of Father Page.*

THE SUBLIME SHEPHERDESS—*The Life of Saint Bernadette of Lourdes, by Frances Parkinson Keyes. Julian Messner, Inc., New York.* 182 *pp.* $2.00. 1940.

The Sublime Shepherdess was written as a companion volume to *Written in Heaven—The Life on Earth of the Little Flower of Lisieux,* and in the "Introduction" the author brings out some of the salient differences between these two young saints.

The material for the book was gathered under threatening war clouds which actually burst before Mrs. Keyes had had time to visit all of the important places connected with the life story of this young peasant girl. Perhaps that explains the briefness of the volume and the omission of many interesting details of the life of the Saint who was favored by apparitions of Our Blessed Mother at Lourdes.

Bernadette's identity has been submerged in Lourdes, and in *The Sublime Shepherdess* Mrs. Keyes seeks to bring the "lowly girl who was the instrument of such lofty grace" out of the background of Lourdes and to reveal her own individuality, giving us a true picture of the humble Bernadette as she shows her strength of character, even in abject poverty; her sound common sense in the face of both the credulous and the incredulous; her continued cheerfulness even in suffering and misunderstanding, and her true humility which was evident both during and after the apparitions.

TEN YEARS IN THE CONGO, *by W. E. Davis. Reynal and Hitchcock, Inc., New York.* 301 *pp.* $2.50. 1940.

The book is an interesting study of the native in the Belgian Congo, and will give the reader a good idea of the country, the people and the jungle conditions under which Dr. Davis worked.

Not a great deal is said in the book of the missionary phase of the work. One chapter, "The Church in the Congo," gives a glimpse of the religious life of the natives and of the efforts of the missionaries to convert them to Christianity. In this connection, Dr. Davis says: "I think that in many ways the Catholic religion is better adapted for them than the Protestant, because it lays more stress upon the ritual and through the person of the priest offers them a visible and accessible way of escape from the burden of their sin. They need as much of the personal element as they can get." (Page 192.)

Undoubtedly ritualism has an appeal to the African, and unquestionably the Catholic religion is better adapted to the needs of the African than any of the Protestant religions, but only because the Catholic religion is the True Religion—the one founded by Jesus Christ Himself. The liturgy with which the Church surrounds Her ceremonies is not the deposit of Faith which has been entrusted to Her care, and of itself, without the dogmas which form the kernel, it would be meaningless. This point Dr. Davis misses entirely.

On the whole, the book will prove interesting to those who see in medicine a means of spreading Christianity, although the wholesale and impersonal manner in which medical care was given will not prove impressive.

MEDICINE IN THE SERVICE OF FOREIGN MISSIONS, *by Sister M. Laetitia, S.C.M.M., R.N., and Sister M. Francis Patrick, S.C.M.M. Catholic Students' Mission Crusade, U.S.A. Crusade Castle, Shattuc Avenue, Cincinnati, Ohio. Paper cover.* 50 *cents.*

The Society at Home Presents:

"All in a Day's Work"

ADAPTED FROM THE
ACCOMPANYING SCRIPT

By

T I C

(The shadow of fun at the Medical Mission House)

Steppin' High

It was Bess herself who made me promise not
to tell a soul
Where she'd gone, or why, or when, until she
"knew she'd crossed the goal."
So when Jed came with the mail that I'd been
settin' waiting for,
And I got THE ONE I wanted, and began to
close the door,
When he said, so sort of awkward: "It's a
mighty queer address,
"But the writin's right familiar, and the name
is there, 'Miss Bess,' "
And I knew it was a question, I just couldn't
meet his eye,
But I only smiled and told him: "Sure, my
Bess is steppin' high."

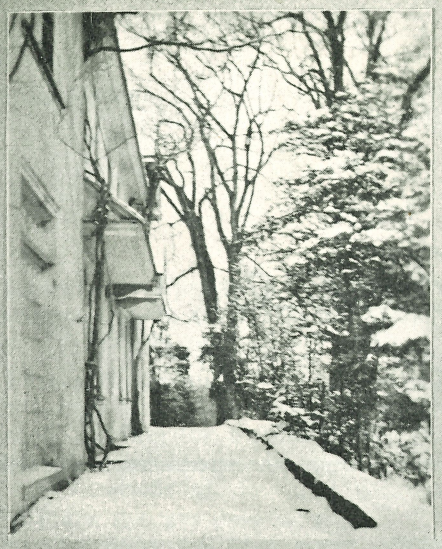
She says she gets up awful early every single day;
She says she's growing up but that there's still some time for play;
She says she's keeping busy, and she's happy, and she's well;
She says she's lots to say, but time is mighty scarce to tell—

"Oh, you stopped to ask for Bessie, Jed, as you
was passing by?
"Well (after all, I'd promised!)—sure, my
Bessie's steppin' high!"

She says she spends her Mondays, now, a-ducking in the tub!
She says she has to laugh to think I'd never let her scrub!
She says she's had a "picnic" making snowmen in the snow;
She says she has some work to do and now she'll have to go——
"Oh, I didn't see you, Jed!" (I hope he didn't
hear me sigh,
'Cause I've got to smile and tell him:) "Sure,
my Bess is steppin' high!"

She says she's in the garden, now, and working with a hoe!
She says she's learned to bake a cake, she's learning how to sew!
She says she's working on a dress that fits her to a "T";
She says that she can hardly wait till I can come and see——
"What, Jed?" (I mustn't let him see I'd like
to set and cry!)
"Oh, just the same as always, Jed. My Bess
is steppin' high!"

"Why, Jed! You're looking all upset! Here,
come and have a chair!
"And that's a note from Bessie that you've got,
I do declare.
"You say that's what upset you? That the
writing is the same,
"And the address and the paper, but it's got
another name?
"Oh, come, now, Jed, your eyes have been
a-playin' tricks, no doubt.
"Why! Sure enough! You're right!" (And
thank my stars, at last it's out!)
" 'From Sister Rose Marie,' it says!" (I hope
it wasn't sly—
Maybe habit made me say it) "Well, my Bess
is steppin' high!"



There's a one-step and a two-step, and a stepping up and down,
There's a front step, and a back step, and a "stepping round the town!"
There's a high step, and a low step, but the biggest step of all—
Not the side-step—but the IN-step! Won't you come and pay a call?

"THE DOORSTEP"

Medical Mission House, 8400 Pine Road

Fox Chase, Philadelphia, Pa.

"Stepping around" for the survey of the grounds, we glimpse a corner of the chicken-yard. We have sixty-eight acres of ground here at the Motherhouse, some of it woodland, some of it cultivated. With the big family that we have, the problem of providing looms large. Our flock of chickens, the gift of thoughtful friends, keeps us well supplied with eggs.

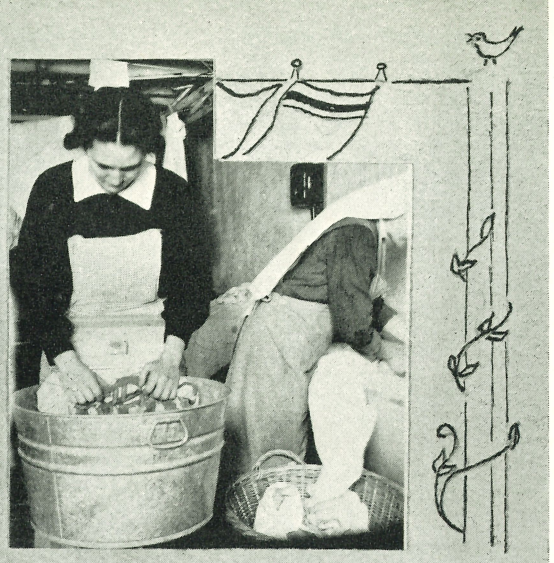
The "woodland" is not the least important part of our little domain! For—

When studying is over and the house is span and spick,
There's nothing in the summertime to beat a "pic-a-nic"!

Gardening is also an important factor in providing the abundant vitamins that are needed by missionaries-in-the-making! "A good novice must eat well, sleep well, and pray well!"

The house of our chaplain is seen in the background, between the two greenhouses.

"She says she spends her Mondays, now, a-ducking in the tub—" A community is really a family, albeit a rather large one!—and family life entails not only "reading and writing and 'rithmetic," but washing and ironing, too. But many hands—and willing hands—do make light work, and Monday morning means only, perhaps, a bigger and better appetite for dinner!



And that brings us to the kitchen! Here again division of labor and sharing of duties makes possible the work involved in preparing meals for a household of some fifty Sisters. No wonder that we so often hearken back to the motto: "United effort!" The novices learn to cook and bake under the guiding eye of a professed Sister.

"She says she's working on a dress that fits her to a 'T'—"

Postulants wear a dark blue uniform with a white starched collar. After the six months of postulate, they receive the gray habit, the rosary and the white veil, and enter upon their two-year novitiate. During both the postulate and novitiate the candidates follow a full course of studies planned to provide a solid foundation for active mission life.

Recreation "sandwiched in between work!" This time the scene is on the bank of the little pond on our property.

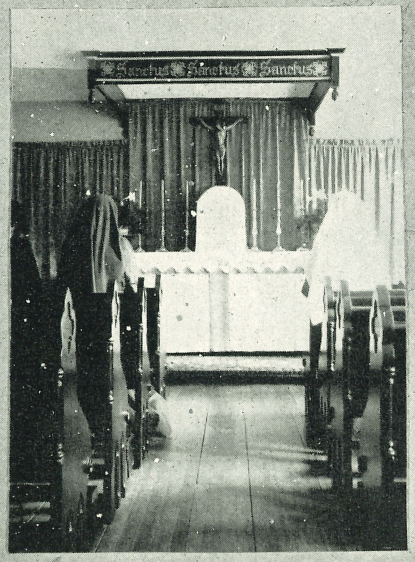
At the completion of the second year of novitiate, the novice makes her first profession as a member of the Society. She receives the blue veil (blue was chosen especially in honor of Our Lady, to whom the Society is dedicated under the title of "Cause of Our Joy"), and the small crucifix which is worn on a chain around the neck. Here we see three professed Sisters at work in a corner of the library, one cataloguing books, two at their studies.

Not all the members of the Society are engaged directly in professional medical work. Typists, bookkeepers, secretaries, are necessary for the important task of "serving behind the lines." On the field, too, the work of supervising, of caring for the needs of the other Sisters, and of household management can be adequately done by those who have had no medical training. As far as status is concerned, there is no distinction in the Society between medical and non-medical members.

Nor are all the Sisters professionally trained when they enter the Society. Some have begun medical school, or training in a school of nursing, and resume their studies after profession. Others "start from the bottom up." In the inset we see a medical student at work in the laboratory of Women's Medical College in Philadelphia. The medical students wear a modified costume, in accordance with the permission given in the Instruction issued by the Sacred Congregation of Propaganda Fide in 1936. They wear no veil, and just the simple gray dress with a white collar.

Internes, too, wear a modified garb compatible with their duties. Here we see one of our doctors on duty at a Catholic hospital in Philadelphia, Pa.

This doctor-member of our Society, in her trim interne's coat, is on duty at another Philadelphia hospital, where she began her interneship after being graduated from Women's Medical College in Philadelphia.



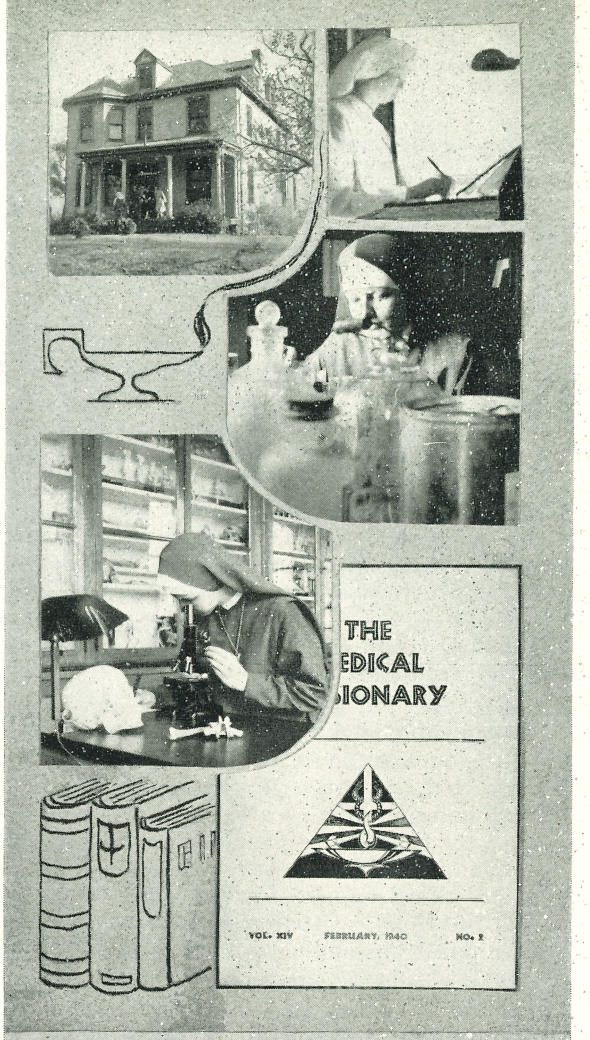
But behind all this varied activity, which ranges from gardening to bookkeeping, from studies, both religious and secular, to medical practice, is the Tabernacle and His Presence there. "With God, all things are possible."

Per ipsum et cum ipso, et in ipso.

The house in Washington, D. C., is now a House of Studies for those who take pre-medical work at Trinity College, and also for the Sisters attending a school of nursing in the city. To the right of the former "Motherhouse" we see one of our nurses-to-be making out a case-history.

Two phases of pre-medical work: To the right we have a peek into the corner of the chemical laboratory of Trinity College; below and to the left, a biology student is at work.

Washington is also the home of THE MEDICAL MISSIONARY, the official publication of the Society.

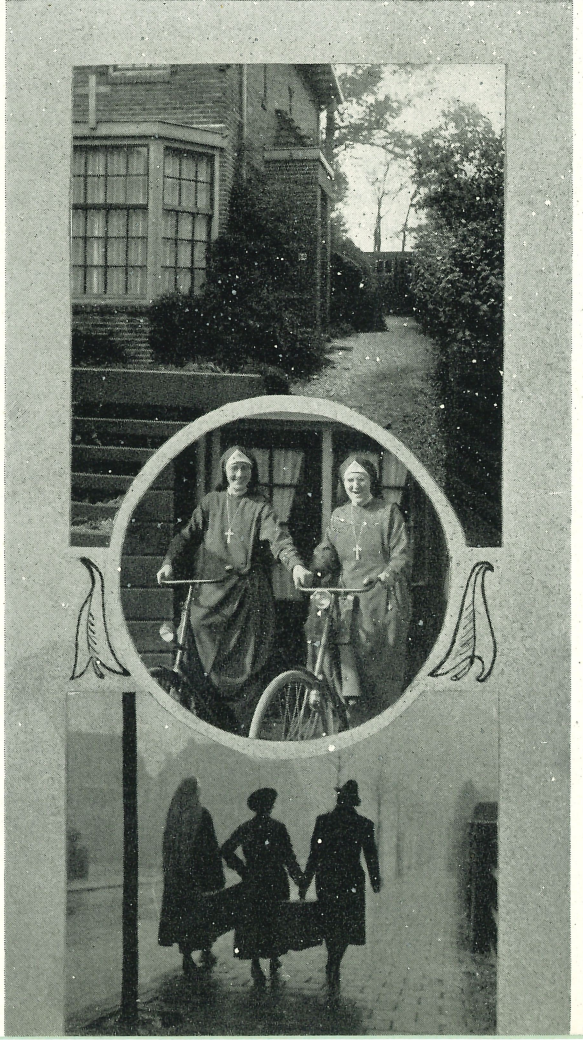


Besides the Motherhouse and the House of Studies in the United States, the Society has two Postulates in Europe, one opened in Osterley, England, in 1932, and the other in Heerlen, Holland, in the fall of 1939. European candidates may make their postulate at either of these houses. The accompanying photo shows the "gate and garden path" of the Medical Mission House at "54 Caumerbeeklaan" in Heerlen.

Our pioneers in the Dutch city are being well taken care of. The two bicycles, Peter and Paul, are gifts of friends of the Medical Apostolate. "Priests, Sisters, children, grown-ups—everyone rides a bicycle in Holland."

This might be titled, "A postulant arrives"—or perhaps, "Walking in the rain." It is another scene from Holland and the weather is "hondenweertji."

And so we end our photographic survey of the "Home Houses" of the Medical Mission Sisters—this brief glimpse into the "groundwork" of the Society. Next month we shall present a similar survey of activities on the mission field.



The Mission Intention For May

For Catechumens and Neophytes

"Stampita, pari! Medalla, pari!"

A dozen brown hands clutched at the skirts of the writer's habit as he walked through a slum section of Manila, Philippine Islands, and as the *"pari"* looked down into the innocent childish eyes pleading for holy pictures and medals even more eloquently than the voices which accompanied them, he could not refrain from musing in a language not understood by his little brown-skinned besiegers, "Little ones, little ones, will it be as easy for you to receive Our Lord into your hearts as you receive His image into your eager hands?"

But children are not the only ones to whom this musing might apply. St. Paul speaks of "little ones in Christ" (1 *Cor.* 3/1). One newly converted to the true Faith, whether his age be fifty hours or fifty years, is, in a spiritual but none the less very real sense, a newly-born child; and he is entitled to our special solicitude just as an infant requires special care. Hence it is that the Holy Father recommends to our prayers this month catechumens and neophytes.

Technically, a catechumen is a person who is not yet baptized and is under instruction in preparation for baptism, and a neophyte is one who has recently been baptized and hence needs special attention that the new life which is in him may be nourished and strengthened. Apropos of this, the reader is urged to read again the beautiful article by Father John Quasten, S.T.D., in the March issue of THE MEDICAL MISSIONARY, in which is explained a practice in the early Church of giving the neophytes after their first Holy Communion a chalice of milk and honey, the food then commonly given to newly-born infants.

This practice, and the comparison of the newly-baptized to newly-born infants, are still alluded to in the Introit of the Mass for Low Sunday, where we read: "As new-born babes, alleluia: desire the milk of reason without guile, alleluia . . ." for it was the custom to solemnize baptism at Easter in those days; and, in fact, it is still the custom in regard to adults as far as is practically possible, in accord with a mandate of Canon Law (*Can.* 772). And St. Paul says, in his first letter to the faithful at Corinth, whom he had converted but five or six years previously: "And I, brethren, could not speak to you as unto spiritual, but as unto carnal. As unto little ones in Christ. I gave you milk to drink, not meat: for you were not able as yet" (1 *Cor.* 3/1-2).

Which brings to mind another statement of St. Paul, in his letter to the church at Rome: "For if we have been planted together in the likeness of his death, we shall be also in the likeness of his resurrection" (*Rom.* 6/5). Now, the word *neophyte* is a Greek word, meaning "newly planted"; hence St. Paul's words give us a picture of the newly-baptized as a new member planted into the Mystical Body of Christ just as a twig is grafted to a tree, and they remind us that this is the mode of expression which Our Lord Himself used when He said: "I am the vine; you the branches" (*John* 15/5).

There is another picture, too, in St. Paul's statement. In apostolic times baptism was frequently administered in some stream or pond, and as the baptismal font came into use it was often a pool or cistern sunk into the ground. Hence the symbolism of death in baptism, and specifically the death of Our Lord. Just as Our Lord descended into the sepulchre in death that we may have life, so the catechumen steps down into the baptismal grave and there dies as a son of Adam. But the neophyte rises from the baptismal pool a new man, "born again of water and the Holy Ghost," as Our Lord said to Nicodemus (*John* 3/5). He is spiritually a new-born babe, a "child of God," to use the expression of the Council of Florence (*Denz.* 712).

That these "little ones in Christ," these "newly planted ones," both actual and prospective, require our tender solicitude, goes without saying as we know from experience. No great exercise of the imagination is required to visualize the stark problems which they have to face. In a country like India, for instance, the caste system is but one of many fruitful sources of difficulties for the convert to the Church of Christ, which knows no social distinctions. In places like China and Japan race, national pride and tradition offer their special difficulties against the idea of the first and only supernational religion. The vast Mohammedan strongholds, too, present their almost insuperable problems. And so throughout the world each corner of the globe from its very environment adds its own peculiar difficulties to the personal difficulties of the convert.

To those souls, therefore, who have seen the light and have dared to brave the consequences of accepting it, we owe our prayerful assistance. We can no more abandon them than we could abandon a helpless infant; we can no more fail to contribute to their spiritual nourishment than the native leaves of a plant can fail to distil vital juices to nourish the tender twig newly grafted to the stock.

Let us pray for catechumens and neophytes!—*Joseph I. Stoffel, S.J., Missionary, Woodstock, Md.*

Yes, that's right—we've come a-begging! But you'd never guess what for!
Oh, of course, we like your pennies, and we're always needing more;
And a *shower* of subscriptions even now won't be too late;
If you have some help for Patna—send it in! Don't hesitate!
But there's something sort of special that we'd like to ask of you—
Well, it's not exactly giving, 'cause it's something that you do!
It takes neither gold nor silver, you can do it in a wink
While you're working or you're resting—please, now, would you STOP and THINK?
Would you *stop and think* a minute, just *one* minute, every day
For a month—the Month of Mary? For Our Lady's Month of May?
You can compass all the world in just a tiny second's thought—
Touch with fingertips of fancy all the beauties God has wrought;
You can meet with Other People (Strangers? That depends on you!)—
Why, there's scarcely any limit to the things that you can do
If you'll only *think* a minute. Thinking makes one understand
Things outside the pale of language, things the same in every land:
Childhood . . . sympathy . . . and sorrow . . . simple things, yet highly priced,
Like the thrill of deeply knowing we can all be *one*—in CHRIST.
And when the sixty seconds have ticked past, and back you go
To your rakes or desks or kettles, why first thing, before you know
You'll find you've gone right on thinking: "Now, I wonder, maybe I
"Could do something for my 'brothers' (and my sisters) if I'd try!
"And——" but that's another story. It's for *you* to make that link,
And change *knowing* into *doing*, once you've learned to stop—and think!
So, now, will you close the bargain? Come what may, it's swim—or sink!
For one minute every day of May, I'm *GOING TO STOP AND THINK!*

—Tic.

MEDICAL MISSION SISTERS

PHILADELPHIA, PA.

The Society of Catholic Medical Missionaries is a religious community of women founded in 1925 for the purpose of providing medical care to the sick in the foreign missions.

The Motherhouse and Novitiate are located in Fox Chase, Philadelphia, Pa. There is also a House of Studies in Brookland, Washington, D. C., and Houses of Postulate in England and Holland.

At present the Society labors in India, where the Sisters conduct hospitals, dispensaries, maternity and child welfare centers, training schools for native nurses and midwives, and similar health activities. It is the purpose of the Society to send Medical Missionaries to any mission field of the world. The Society has many requests; it needs many vocations.

For further information apply to:

SISTER SUPERIOR
MEDICAL MISSION HOUSE
8400 PINE ROAD, FOX CHASE
PHILADELPHIA, PA.